have done for a time, but they feared that such a course would make the savages fire the prairie. That, they knew, would be the last resort. The Indians wanted to preserve the grass in that vicinity of their camping grounds, and they especially wanted to secure the powder belonging to the trains. At that time each wagon carried one or two twenty-five pound kegs. There was policy, too, in deceiving the Indians in regard to the supply of ammunition. If the men were reckless in firing and wasted bullets on ponies unnecessarily, it would immediately make known the fact that they could hold out a long time, and the Indians would accordingly husband their resources.

The sun rode high in the heavens, and the blue sky of the morning turned to a white heat. The cattle in the corral bawled for water in every lull of the firing, and raised their great horns and looked with dumb wonder out of their glassy eyes when the noise began again and the stifling smoke puffed in their nostrils. A detail of the drivers stood guard over them to prevent them from stampeding from side to side of the corral. Once in awhile one of the beasts fell over with a bullet hole in his hide.

The strategy of the hour was to gain time. It was folly to think of weakening such a band of Indians so that they would abandon the siege. The raid had evidently been well planned, and the savages were doubtless well aware of the value of the booty. Constant vigilance on the part of every man in the corral was maintained for hours. For a long time the two women obeyed orders and sat in a barricaded wagon that had been retained within the inclosure for their use, but the excitement was too great; they could not endure the inactivity—besides the wagon master's wife could load a gun as well as any man, and she had been in more than one Indian fight. They climbed down cautiously and she was assigned a position where she could load for a sharpshooter, so that he might not lose a single opportunity to hit a redskin.

Just at that moment two of the men in the corral fell over, one mortally hurt and the other with a shattered arm. Then the woman from St. Louis had something to do. Both the men were borne into the shade of the wagon, and in a very few minutes the sergeant who knelt beside the unconscious man pronounced him dead. A few gentle but hurried movements straightened his warm limbs, an army blanket was spread over him and all that part of his being that could fear an Indian passed beyond the corral. The sergeant had at one time been detailed on special duty with an army surgeon and had picked up a little knowledge that now proved to be of value to the man with the wounded arm. That member was dressed and bandaged, and the quiet woman very naturally assumed the place of nurse.

But the motionless form lying there under the blanket—that was the awful presence to this besieged company. Who would lie next beside him? the question would arise in every man's mind.

As the day wore on toward its close the only hopeful sign the caravan could see was that the Indians in the camp by the river were growing restless. They sent out scouts to scan the prairies from the highlands at short intervals, and they could be seen making preparations for moving. Evidently they feared re-enforcements for the train, troops passing by on their way to or from the forts, or a body of well armed trappers. Some knowledge of this kind made them uneasy, or they were short of ammunition. Either supposition was favorable to the corral and the tired men took fresh courage. Gradually the besieging Indians withdrew toward the river until only a few determined braves were left riding around the corral at safe distance, now and then firing a random shot from a rifle, or a poisoned arrow from a bow.

The men who had made this long defense had not tasted food since breakfast and were just finding out how hungry and weary they were, now that the great strain was over and the Indians had withdrawn for the night. The sharpshooters were still on the lookout, with rifles in readiness, but the call for supper went around the line and every man's spirits rose with the hope that early dawn would see the departure of the Indians. Old Jose got up from his crouching position of vantage to give directions for the night, when, swift as an arrow, a young brave dashed a few paces forward, took quick aim, fired and sent a bullet whizzing through the air that lodged in the old Mexican's heart. The Indian fell almost in the same instant. His lingering comrades uttered unearthly howls of rage, halted a moment to measure with keen eye the distance between his lifeless body and the corral, and then galloped off to camp without it.

His was the form to lie next the first victim—poor old Jose Valdez—his one ambition not yet half fulfilled. But then he fell with "harness on;" and if the fatal bullet did strike him in the back—no one would ever know. Not one of that brave band would ever tell the tale. They knew his spirit was to the fore. "He died game;" no better epitaph could be framed in their vocabulary.

And now the caravan was without a captain. A council of war must be held. Where was the man to take up the command in such straits? The supper was but sparingly partaken of; it had lost its zest. Every man of them had feared death all day; every man of them but two had escaped; now, looking on these two, every man said to himself, "It might have been—tomorrow it may be."

It was decided to send out two scouts as soon as the night grew dark enough to protect them, who should try to reach one of the forts if they did not sooner intercept aid on the trail. Men were selected who had had experience in such work, and with many prayers following them they went stealthily forth into the darkness from the west side of the corral.

A signal had been agreed upon by which they were to make known their approach if they were unable to go through the Indian picket lines and were obliged to return. Three hours later the signal was heard on the east side of the corral. Every man was on guard. There was no sleep that night inside the barricade of wagons—save that deep and lasting repose of old Jose and his comrade under the gray blanket.

The scouts reported that they could not elude the vigilance of the Indian guards—a cordon of pickets surrounded the corral; they had tried on every side. But they had something worse than this to tell. Half way between the picket line and the wagons they had heard a noise—a movement as of some one crawling through the grass like themselves. They stopped and listened and waited and heard it again, but they were not able to locate it nor to determine which way it was going.

Of course this story aroused every man's fear of a night attack from the Indians; they had not really expected that, though they had remained in readiness for it throughout the night. Now every man's hair stood on end at thought of the scalping knife and the tomahawk, and every man fancied he could hear the red skinned serpents crawling through the dry grass straight to the corral. A dozen men were lying with ear to the ground listening, when, close and clear, came the words:

"Don't shoot, boys; it is a friend," and King, the wagon master, sprang into the corral. "Is it all right, pardners? Am I welcome?" he continued, excitedly glancing about in evident doubt as to his reception.

"Welcome? Yes! Yes!" chimed many voices, and the men clustered about him, trying to grasp his hand in joy.

The help of even one more man was cheering. But while they crowded around him for the first greeting they could see by the starlight that he was trying to look beyond them and over their heads. Almost unconsciously he pushed forward toward the wagon, and suddenly, as they all turned to follow him, he stepped quickly out of the group and caught the strange woman in his arms.

If an Indian with an uplifted tomahawk had appeared in their midst it could not have surprised them more. But they comprehended in a moment, and when they heard King exclaim, "Janey!" and saw the two figures melt into one in the uncertain light, they fell back a little and waited. Not long, however, for very soon King turned and said, addressing them all:

"Pardners you see how it is. She came out to meet me; she is my promised wife. I found you in trouble, in danger, and I could not stay away. I ought to have joined her at Westport Landing—there was a reason. Can we let that go? I thought maybe I could help you out of this. Where's old Jose? I heard that you made him captain at the Grove."

Silently heads were nodded toward the gray blanket and spectral arms pointed out the two dead.

"Janey" still stood by the wagon master's side, encircled by his strong arm, but as soon as King saw the motionless form of the old captain he pressed another hurried kiss upon her white face and told her to go back to the wagon.

"There's no time to lose," he said, "you know the Indians will be moving with the first streak of light. What is your plan, boys?"

"I reckon we'll make you captain the first thing we do," said a gruff voice, and an echo of "yes," "yes" and "si," "si" came from every side.

It was very informally done but the election of the new captain was unanimous, and before the morning showed ever so faintly in the east the plan of campaign was arranged. Then the gray darkness came on, the ghostly, uncertain hour that is darker than midnight, and then the pink promise of the sun. Still there was not an Indian in sight nearer than the camp on the Arkansas. The entire band was yet there moving about restlessly. Soon a courier started toward the corral riding a swift pony and carrying a white rag on a pole—a flag of truce.

"We'll meet him," the captain promptly said. "Let every soldier in the corral put on all the regalia he has and follow me."

It was well understood that King could speak the language of any tribe in that region, and his natural assumption of leadership inspired confidence. Every man prepared to do his bidding. Guns were examined and then the captain stepped outside the encircling line of wagons closely followed by the squad of soldiers. The Indian courier immediately halted and began the most violent gesticulations, which were easily interpreted to mean that the soldiers must retire or he would not advance.

Captain King waved him back and motioned that his men would stand their ground.

The maddened Indian dug his spurs into his pony's sides and galloped back to the camp. After a few minutes' parley he started out again with a score of painted braves at his back. As they advanced, Captain King stepped forward alone and signified his willingness to listen to the courier who carried the white flag. He was told that the savages demanded complete surrender and extended a promise of kind treatment. These terms they thought would be accepted because of their superior numbers. When the Indian had delivered his message the captain pointed behind him to the soldiers—of whose presence in the corral he hoped the Indians had not known the day before, and said:

"You see we have the Great Father's fighting men to protect us, and before noon today there will be many more at the Big Rock, on the way from Fort Dodge. When they come we will fight you in open field. Till then we have great stores of powder and bullets. We will not surrender."

The mutterings of anger and disappointment were loud, but with little hesitation the Indians withdrew and hurried back to their waiting people in camp.

The American Indian, whether he be a high chief and a great brave, or a graduate of an agency school, respects no white man so much as a well armed United States soldier. Captain King knew this fact, and counted wisely the effect of a few uniforms. He agreed with the men in the corral, too, that the Indians were probably about out of ammunition, otherwise they would have renewed the attack at daybreak.

Before the sun was three hours high on this the second morning of the siege, the Indians were growing dimmer and dimmer in a long line, creeping over the plains southward, and the men under Captain King's command thanked heaven and him for their deliverance.

Jose Valdez and his companion were buried at the foot of Pawnee Rock, the pile that yet stands as a monument for uncounted dead. Perhaps every nation on earth, surely the greater number out of all, has contributed its grave to this spot, where the bones of men were plowed up for many years after the white settler took possession.

"Thar's no preacher by to pray over him," said one, "and we've often had a priest along goin to the missions."

"It's a comfort they can both speak Spanish," said another; "I reckon it'll make the journey easier. It must be a lonesome road even with company."

"Poor old Jose; if he could jest hev told 'em about it back at Santa Fe he'd a-died happy."

Out of respect to his religion a rude cross was cut in the sandstone, and under it, in honor of his bravery and his ambition, were inscribed the words, "Captain Jose Valdez."

IV.

He is glad that Janey is by his side.

At Fort Dodge the soldiers left the train. No halt was made there. The captain said he thought it better to push on, as so much time had been lost at Pawnee Rock.

At the fort the trail left the Arkansas and struck across the country in a more southwesterly direction toward the Cimarron river. Day after day the heavy train toiled on, slowly and creakingly in the hot sun.

It was an agreeable divertisement in those monotonous days—as it is in all phases and conditions of human life—to have a pair of lovers in the company, and the movements of the captain and Janey were watched with eager but unobtrusive scrutiny. Their little side excursions on horseback, their long talks in the twilight after the corral was formed and the tender glances that often passed swiftly between them were all noted; but these things did not solve the mystery surrounding King and this woman, and as yet no explanation had been offered by the captain further than what he said on the night he came to their aid at Pawnee Rock—that she was his promised wife.

The route of the trail from the point where it touched the Cimarron was up the stream for a considerable distance and then due southwest to the Catholic mission of San Miguel. It now lay through a more broken country. The foothills and low lying spurs of the mountains run out into the adjacent country for many miles, and diversify the plains and the alkali fields with new and pleasing scenes. Mountain streams running down toward the valleys of the great rivers that feed the "Father of Waters;" patches of verdure that have held their ground against the ugly, prickly cactus and the Spanish bayonet; real trees once more on the high elevations and along the water courses after the sandhills are passed, and then the dim outlines of the mountains in the distance—first the Raton range to the north, and then the Sierra Blanca, the great, perpetually snow covered divide appearing in the low distance like a silvery line on a blue base.

Each day's travel increased the altitude, and the nights grew cold, but the days were glorious. New vigor filled the beasts as well as the men as they gained the higher atmosphere, and all pressed on. Up and down again, yet always ascending. Now following the highway of a mesa, now skirting the base of a round-top, now halting to slake their travel thirst from the sparkling arroyos, and again and again pointing out to the tenderfoot passengers the pinnacled cities of the mirage. Here and there a vista of the plains, widening between the foothills, showed this miracle of light half imbedded in and half floating over the sand. Or, a view from some high point that the caravan had almost unconsciously gained looked back over the flat, yellow desert and discovered the "false ponds" and spectral wind blown trees that they had seemingly passed by without knowing it. The curious configuration of the ground often made the mountain streams appear to be flowing up hill to meet the travelers, and then as the trail bent sharply around upon itself the lifelike water would slide away behind a rock and plunge down a precipice into a dark, green fringed basin or a tortuous crack of the canyon.

Hot springs boiled from one of the mountain sides and were walled around with the sediment of the overflow of ages, presenting grotesque shapes and blue-green tints suggestive of underearth laboratories. To step over these long growing crusts and look for the first time into the bubbling waters; to feel their living motion with the hand; to wonder whence they had come through all the ages since the upheaval of the mountains let loose their fountain heads, in whose dominions they took their rise; what fires warmed them; whence they gathered their salts and their sparkle, and what force brings them forever and forever upward—that was a rare sensation. The waters still effervesce, and their healing warmth has not diminished a degree, but the wilderness is gone.

When the Santa Fe train reached Las Vegas springs they found the lodge of several old and decrepit Indian families who had come, as their forefathers had for generations before them, to lave their wounds and their worn out bodies in the waters. With them were three or four miserable Mexicans, who had crawled over the range from Santa Fe after some train, and who, behind their backs, were called lepers by their compatriots. All had faith that the waters of the mountain would cure their ills, and were happy. They greeted the train people as interlopers and demanded large tribute in anything they could get to eat and drink.

While the caravan was at this stopping place Captain King called the men together and said to them:

"I want to be fair with you, pardners, so I must tell you that at San Miguel we shall have to part company. We will be married there," nodding his head toward Janey, "by the father at the mission, and from there we will go to my claim up in the territory. You will be but fifty miles from Santa Fe then, and I think there can be little doubt of your safe arrival. It does not look quite the square thing to leave you on the way after you have honored me by making me your captain, but I hope you will forgive that. It may be, pardners, that I have nearly as good a reason for resigning as old Jose had—I hope it will be all right."

An awkward silence for a moment held the tongues of the trainmen, but presently one of them spoke up, saying:

"All right, old man; why, of course it will be all right, only we'll be sorry to lose you, and if you're a-goin to git married that's excuse enough for any man."

"Yes, certainly; certainly we'll let you off and wish you luck wherever you go," said another, and his good wishes were echoed generally around the camp.

It was nearly sundown when the train reached the little frontier mission village of San Miguel. The old adobe house looked like a soft water color painting in the prismatic air. The "father" of the mission came forth to greet the weary band, and with upraised hand approached the bowed heads and gave them all his blessing.

Janey was a good Catholic, and her wedding took place in the father's house, with nearly all of her companions on the overland journey and many of the natives of San Miguel as witnesses. John King could not subscribe to the faith that was inherited by Janey from her French forefathers (the only one known to the Spanish-Mexicans of the frontier), but he had been baptized in his youth in the good old realistic Baptist style, and the marriage was not delayed. Away from all the scenes and ties of her previous life a woman must feel the seriousness of new wifehood keenly, and it was truly a solemn hour for Janey when she promised to be unto John King a helpmeet for all time. Not that she hesitated an instant; her courage in the face of difficulty had proved her love and loyalty beyond a doubt, but the conventionalities and the sweet surroundings of home and friends are very dear to a woman's heart at such a time, and even plain little Janey thought with a sigh of the gown and the gifts, the music and the flowers, and the glory of the bridal day of her dreams. The same day saw the wedded pair start on their way alone northward—to just what point nobody knew.

From the village the Santa Fe Trail bent sharply to the northwest, the pass through the range at this point being a little to the the south of Santa Fe. The Rio Pecos, a sparkling snow water stream, irrigates the fertile valley which is cultivated by the natives, and the everlasting mountains look down on the mud huts that have stood for two or three hundred years in this notch, the easternmost outpost of New Mexican Catholic strongholds.

Greeted by the swarthy rancheros and accompanied by the gayly dressed custom house agents who had come from Santa Fe to meet the traders, the train moved on through the broken range, and for several days toiled up and down the ridges and zigzagged around the mountains before the tired oxen made the last up hill haul onto the table land overlooking the capital.

Here a halt was made for the purpose of making preparations for the "grand entree." Every man washed his face and the Mexicans combed their long, black hair until it shone, while the American plainsmen made a pretense of smoothing theirs and eclipsed everything by putting on a white shirt. The creaking wheels, now almost ready to fall apart they had become so dry, were greased anew and everything put in the most presentable condition. All were excited and impatient, and every man being now his own master, confusion and uproarious hilarity reigned. When the start to the city was finally made pandemonium broke loose, and the wagons rolled down the hill with the stiff kneed oxen on a run.

The entire population was out to see the caravan arrive; the captain general, the customs officers, people of all degrees, and the black eyed senoras and senoritas peeped through the barred windows or waited outside, their faces half hidden by the winding reboza or lace mantilla. Santa Fe was immediately transformed; the old town seemed to wake from a long sleep and become alive. On every side were heard the cries, "Los Americanos!" "La entrada de la caravana!" "Los carros!" and there was hurrying to and fro by the mounted caballeros, all decked out in their brilliant and jangling trappings.

Through the main street the long line of wagons is soon strung out, the drivers shouting their loudest and goading the jaded beasts to a last effort. The cracking of whips sounds like a fusilade, and in mere wantonness, or to show their dexterity, their wielders make the blood spurt from the sides of the oxen, or strike a leader in the face until he reels and plunges. Boys and dogs and beggars follow after until the round of the plaza is made, and then comes the general scramble for the custom house, the clamor of the interpreters and the swarming of the country traders, and the long journey of eleven weeks is done.

Not quite so our story.

In the busy throng, yet somewhat apart, stands a Mexican who scans the faces of the newly arrived men. They are preoccupied and do not notice the furtive looks of the black browed fellow. Presently, with a gesture of impatience, he turns to one near him and asks in broken English:

"Where's Kingfisher? Wasn't there a driver or a wagon master in the train by the name of Kingfisher? Where is he?"

"No, I don't know no sech a man."

"A big man, not talk much, Americano, joined the train at Westport?"

"No, I tell you, curse you. No sech man among 'em. Captain King was the biggest man in the crowd. We 'lected him captain after old Jose was shot."

"Blue eyes and yaller hair and sorter soft spoken?"

"Yes, I reckon that's about the size of him. What's it your business?"

A volley of oaths and muttered curses was the answer to this question. A change of name, either partial or total, was so common a thing that the Mexican knew better than to trust a man's title as a means of identification. He no longer doubted that "Captain King" was the man he wanted. Neither did he doubt that, in the language of his time, he had "missed his man;" hence his anger. But suddenly he ceased cursing his luck and drew his brows down in thought. Then turning again to the man at his side he demanded in a voice vibrant with suppressed rage:

"Where did this 'Captain King,' as you call him, leave the train?"

"At San Miguel."

"If you are lying to me I'll cut your heart out for it."

"What object have I in lying to you about Captain King? He left us at San Miguel, I tell you!"

"Which way did he go?"

"South," the trainman said.

"To Mexico city!" growled the "greaser" between his closed teeth. "I knew it! he thinks he will get there"—and with a stream of oaths, half English and half Spanish, flowing behind him, he hurried out of the adobe building, sprang upon his saddled broncho and galloped clattering up the street toward the hill, the dogs barking at his heels and the stupid gazers half guessing that some desperate deed would be done if Hernando Marino rode like that with hate glaring from his eyes.

"Who is that—Mexican?" questioned the trainman of those who were attracted by the noise in the street and turned to look out. "He is trying to find a man by the name of Kingfisher—thought he was with the train."

"Hugh!" grunted a grizzly half breed who was turning over packages, "he's missed him agin! Kingfisher is too smart for him. He's the man that caught Marino stealing cotton down in Mexico and had him jailed for it. Marino always said it was because Kingfisher wanted to marry the Senorita Avellaneda. As soon as he was free Marino swore vengeance, and has been trying to get on the track of Kingfisher ever since. He went back to the States, whar he come from, they say, but Marino says he'll come agin to the senorita some day and he's always on the watch. Maybe he will," the garrulous old man continued, "but if he does, I reckon he'll give Santa Fe the go by. He knowed that Marino come back up here, and there's more'n one way 'round to Mexico. Besides, Marino is jealous of his sweetheart, and"——

"Hurry up there, old man! what are you chattering about? Handle them things lively now!" interrupted a commanding voice.

None but the trainman whom Marino had questioned had given much heed to the half breed's talk, and nobody else noticed when he left off. The tale was intensely interesting to this one listener, but it had not solved the riddle of Captain King's disappearance from Westport Landing, it had only whetted this man's curiosity, and he waited about impatient for the time when the old man would be released from work and he could loosen his tongue again with a drink of pulque.

He was not hard to start. But in the meantime it had become current rumor that "Captain King" and "Kingfisher" were identical, and that Hernando Marino, his bitter enemy, was on his track. No man in the train had known Kingfisher in Mexico; that is, no man that lived to reach Santa Fe, but more than one of the natives recalled the fact that the trader who was shot by the Indians at Pawnee Rock knew him well. They had heard him speak of the enmity between Marino and Kingfisher. He had come up on the boat from St. Louis, and John King first learned of his presence when he saw him standing on the bow waiting for a landing.

"I'll tell you jest how it is," said the half breed after he had drained his glass. "Kingfisher was there to meet the woman he had promised to go back and marry years ago—fact is the States men near about all come out here leavin that kind of a promise behind 'em, or else they come because they've been jilted—and when he seen that trader aboard the boat from St. Louis he had to choose between givin up his woman for good and all, or keepin out of sight till he see what she would do. He knowed that if he was not a dead man afore he reached Santa Fe he would be betrayed into the hands of Marino as soon as he did get here. Womanlike, after the gal had started out to find him she kept right on. Plucky, wasn't she? But it was the hardest course for him—he had to foller. Well, the boys say they went north from San Miguel. That mea he's gone up to the Lost Pleiad mine, he's a partner in it—the States men is gittin a hold here, I tell you—and Kingfisher 'll be a rich man if Marino don't lay him out."

"One thing is sure," said the trainman, "Captain King, or Kingfisher, is not a coward or he would not have undertaken the journey overland from Westport to Santa Fe without the protection of the train, and he would not have rejoined the train at Pawnee Rock when he learned of our perilous situation, believing as he did that the friend of Hernando Marino, his deadly enemy, was alive in the corral. Captain King is a brave man, I stake my life on that, and the man that meets him wants to have courage. Let this Marino beware."

As the night wanes, Hernando Marino, the vengeful, descends a jagged peak and bears more and more toward the south, cursing the blind rage that has made him lose the trail of the man he seeks.

Toward the north John King and the bride who waited long for his coming wend their way in peace. She has never heard of the Senorita Avellaneda, and he—if he has not forgotten her—is glad that Janey is by his side.

The mountain fastnesses are familiar paths to him, and she cares not whither they lead since he is her guide.

THE END.

The Horse in India.

India has been described by a European as the paradise of horses, and from his point of view the phrase is not unfitting. The natural affinity between horses and Englishmen becomes a closer bond by residence in India, where everybody rides—or ought to ride—where horses and horse keep are cheap, and where large castes of stable servants, contented with a low wage, are capable, under careful superintendence, of keeping their animals in a state of luxurious comfort. The horses, however, which serve native masters, are born to purgatory rather than to paradise. Those in the hands of the upper classes suffer from antiquated and barbarous systems of treatment, and are often killed by mistaken kindness or crippled by bad training, while those of low degree are liable to cruel ill usage, overwork, neglect and unrelieved bondage.—John L. Kipling in Popular Science Monthly.

On Top Again.

"Yez niver towld me yer husband wor a sailor, Mrs. Donahue."

"Yis; he's just bin around the worruld."

"Clear round to China an the opposite side, was he?"

"To be sure."

"Worra, but it must be aisy he feels to get up here on top wanst more."—Washington Star.

A LUNCH IN PARIS.

MRS. CHESTER'S REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE WHILE ABROAD.

She Recognized an Old Friend, She Thought, Among the Crowd on One of the Fashionable Thoroughfares of the Gay City and Lunched with Him.

"Interesting adventures have not been numerous in my existence," Mrs. Chester remarked from the corner of the sofa, placing a large, soft cushion behind her and crossing her feet comfortably; "but I can tell you one that happened only last summer and which I think is somewhat out of the ordinary run. We were in Paris at the time. One morning I went alone to my bankers in the Rue —— and drew some money for my sister. As I came out I recognized Mr. Fairman, who was passing. I bowed, and he immediately joined me, asking if I would allow him to accompany me to my destination, whatever that might be. I had known Arthur Fairman slightly for a number of years, and probably would never have become better acquainted with him had we not met in a foreign land. There seems to be a fraternal feeling between Americans abroad that in many cases would not exist at home.

"At any rate, I gave him the desired permission, and we strolled along, enjoying the life and gaiety so peculiar to the Paris boulevards. At the Maison D——, where I had expected him to leave me, he remarked that he would be glad to wait while I tried on several hats. Must I confess that I was pluming myself upon having made something of a conquest of a formerly indifferent acquaintance? His patience was angelic, for after three-quarters of an hour he greeted me in the same amiable manner, and asked me to lunch with him at the Cafe Cambon. Charming man! I reflected a moment, then accepted, as I knew returning home would mean a solitary meal—at the best a hurried, unsatisfying repast.

"As it was, I had an extremely pleasant time. We secured a table in one of the windows, and Mr. Fairman almost immediately inquired if I had ever been to Russia. I think this was our principal topic of conversation. I was surprised to find him such a traveled, cultivated man and so interesting a talker. The lunch was excellent, also the company, and when he bade me adieu at the hotel I am sure it was with sincere regret on both sides, particularly as he was about leaving Paris for London, and our renewed acquaintance would have to be suspended until we met in New York.

"My sister returned from a shopping expedition later in the afternoon, and I gave her a graphic account of how I spent the morning, concluding, 'And here is the money you wanted,' my hand gliding into my pocket. It was empty! My purse had disappeared without a tear in the material to mark its exit. I had not taken it out after leaving the bankers; of that I was almost certain; therefore my pocket must have been picked en route. I remembered a crowd of people in the Rue Daunou, which jammed the narrow sidewalks, but Mr. Fairman had been behind me the entire way. Could he help me, I wondered? My sister advised me to write to him at once.

"Perhaps we could stop him before he left the city. I looked at the clock; it was striking 4. 'He leaves at 6,' I murmured hopefully. 'I will send for him immediately.' Then, remembering: 'But I don't know his address. Is it not provoking?' I went over to the window and gazed absently out. I had been watching passers by for some time, feeling deeply depressed, when suddenly I caught sight of Mr. Fairman hurrying along on the opposite side. What luck! Without a word of explanation to my sister, I ran to the door, down the staircase and into the street.

"In a few seconds I had overtaken him, and, while trying to regain my breath, managed to tell him of my loss. He was most sympathetic and much distressed over the occurrence.

"'I am mortified at not having been able to take better care of you,' he kept repeating apologetically; 'you cannot imagine how badly I feel. However, I will go to the police station and report the theft on my way to the depot, so that your interests will be well looked after when I am gone.'

"He walked with me back to the hotel entrance, and I gave him a minute description of my pocketbook and its contents, after which he excused himself, as he said he must return to his apartment before going to the train. In spite of his kindly interest, as is usual in such cases, the money was never heard of again.

"A few days ago," Mrs. Chester continued, drawing a long breath and sitting more erect, "I met Mr. Fairman on Fifth avenue and stopped to speak to him. 'How have you been since I saw you last summer in Paris?' I exclaimed cordially. He shook my hand rather mechanically, I thought, and seemed somewhat puzzled. 'Do you know,' I went on, 'we never found any trace of that money that was stolen?' And I added, laughing, 'We almost accused you of petty larceny.'

"Mr. Fairman's face wore an extraordinary expression. 'Paris? Petty larceny?' he stammered, looking blankly at me; 'but, my dear Mrs. Chester, I have not been abroad for three years!'

"For a moment there was a dead silence, each gazing at the other. 'Not been abroad?' I gasped unbelievingly. 'But I saw you; I lunched with you.'

"'I can prove an alibi whenever you please,' Mr. Fairman replied seriously. 'I spent August and September with my sister Carrie in Newport.'

"Then the truth flashed over me. The small differences I had not noticed before became only too clear now. The clever duplicate had traded on his mistaken identity, and had calmly lunched me and rifled my pocket to pay for the spree. Well, it was a good lunch, but it cost me 1,000 francs."—M. R. McVickar in Harper's Weekly.

Young Green Turtles.

The Tortugas islands are a favorite haunt for green turtles. Pelicans and other big birds frequent the breeding grounds and snap up the young ones as they make for the water. I dare say you know that the green flesh attached to the upper shell is called "calipash," while the yellow flesh attached to the lower shell is called "calipee." From the eggs an oil is obtained, but what is called turtle oil soap is really made from beef fat.—Interview in Washington Star.

Tumultuous Happiness.

"Mrs. Chinner seems to have a very pleasant time of it."

"Pleasant time? Why, that woman's life is one complete round of enjoyment."

"It is?"

"It is that. She belongs to seven sewing societies."—Exchange.

Beards in England.

The Anglo-Saxons wore their beards until the time of the conquest, when they were compelled to follow the example of the smooth faced Normans. From the time of Edward III to that of Charles I beards were universally worn. In the reign of Charles II the mustache and side whiskers only were worn. Soon after this the practice of shaving in some fashion became general throughout Europe.—St. Louis Republic.